SOCIAL SCIENCES

NATIONAL REVIEW

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September 15, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Red Opium Conspiracy

RODNEY GILBERT

Bypassing the Budget

LAWRENCE STAFFORD

The Blackout Extended

BRYTON BARRON

Articles and Reviews by ····· JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
MORRIE RYSKIND · ANTHONY J. WRIGHT · EUGENE LYONS
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For the Record

An adroit question at a press conference last week revealed that Jacob Javits was the only Republican Congressman in 1948 to vote against appropriations for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Javits, who hopes to win the New York Senatorial nomination, was reported more embarrassed than pleased over the Communist Party's disavowal (in an open letter to the New York Times) of the allegation that it had once supported him in the past.

The Political Education Committee of the AFL-CIO has set a $3 million goal for its campaign chest this year. Union leaders admit privately that they expect contributions from union members to fall far short of that figure. . . . A surprise to Republican strategists (although they won't admit it) is the popularity of Agriculture Secretary Benson as a campaign speaker. The three Cabinet members most in demand by GOP Legislators up for re-election: Benson, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and Labor Secretary Mitchell.

President Keeney of Brown University offers a solution for the problem of overcrowding in the colleges today which positively rocked Educationists throughout the land. His solution: keep enrollments down by rejecting unqualified applicants.

The price index reached a new high in August, an increase which government officials attribute to "super-seasonable" high prices for fresh fruits and vegetables. . . . Unemployment today is concentrated in Michigan where layoffs continue high as carmakers retool for their 1957 models. . . . In the fiscal year just completed, the Government's civil employment payroll topped $10.5 billion dollars, the highest ever.

Iran, which knows what it is to have the USSR as a neighbor, last week unceremoniously tossed a Soviet army major into jail on espionage charges. . . . When the United States caught two Soviet representatives to the United Nations red-handed in a redefection attempt, it expelled one of them and urged the United Nations to fire the other. . . . Refugee Czech conductor Raphael Kubelik, one-time head of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, reveals he was urged to redefect by Czech agents while conducting at the Salzburg Music Festival this summer.

If the U.S. recognizes Red China, it will deliver all of Asia to the Communists, warned former U.S. diplomat Angus Ward last week. . . . In the opinion of Dr. Hollington Tong, Chinese Ambassador to Washington, the present Communist "creeping aggression" in Asia may prove more effective than the blunderbuss tactics the Reds employed in Korea and Indochina. . . . The two smaller states of Indochina, Laos and Cambodia, recently signed treaties of peaceful coexistence with the Communist Vietminh. Only the South Vietnamese regime of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem remains staunchly anti-Communist. It is threatened with political and economic isolation.

The Agriculture Department estimates U.S. cotton exports in the year which started August 1 will be more than double last year's (4.5 billion vs. 2.2 billion bales). Hitch: it costs the U.S. Government $185 to buy, store and handle cotton which it is selling abroad for $130.

President Sukarno of Indonesia, lionized by the U.S. press during his trip to this country last spring, recently told a Soviet audience that "Indonesia wants the whole world to be free of capitalism." On his arrival in Moscow, Sukarno hailed the Soviet Union as a nation which "has always fought for freedom and is still fighting for justice.". . . The Indian legislature completed action on a bill which will permit the government to regulate the price, size and advertising space of newspapers. In theory, this legislation is intended to help small "language" newspapers compete with the influential English-language newspapers; in practice it means government control.

British Columbia recently took drastic steps to curb sky-rocketing real estate prices: It slapped rigid price controls on cemetery lots.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Those who have for many years been obsessed with the figure America cuts overseas will do well to ponder a by-product of the Supreme Court's attempt to impose upon society doctrinaire notions as to the proper social relationship between the races. For years self-conscious Americans decried the availability to the Communists of photographs signalling "White" and "Colored" waiting rooms. Now, under the Ideologues' Interracial Reform Act of 1954, the Communists can exhibit photographs of tanks riding through Southern streets, of cordons of soldiers brandishing unsheathed bayonets at their neighbors.

● A federal court ordered John Kasper, "a Washington D.C. segregationist"—to identify him as the Associated Press does—to desist from interfering with integration of the Clinton, Tennessee, High School. Mr. Kasper nevertheless continued to oppose and to invite opposition to integration; whereupon the court ruled him in contempt, sentenced him, and off he goes to spend a year in jail. We shall be interested to hear expert legal opinion as to the legitimacy of the court's injunction; for we wonder whether Mr. Kasper's incarceration sheds light on the civil liberties of "segregationists." Perhaps the American Civil Liberties Union will be able to clear up the confusion.

● The seductive Nikita Khrushchev has an unexpected suitor. Senator Allen S. Ellender of Louisiana has emerged from a three-week visit to the Soviet Union singing coexistence melodies, and calling for a new and tender look in American policy toward Moscow. "I believe the Russians want peace just as we do," he reassured us. "It's absolutely foolish for us to be making these huge expenditures on armaments." Comrade Khrushchev gave him some confidential information about Syngman Rhee and the South Koreans: "As long as the Koreans are getting money they will ask for more. They are just the kind of people that will bloodsuck you."

● Mr. P. N. Thapar, an official of India's Ministry of Food and Agriculture, has just returned from Communist China with a glowing report on what he calls China's "cooperative farming." Just the thing, he feels, to put Indian agriculture on its feet. His

report recommends that India establish 10,000 "agricultural cooperative societies" as "an experiment." Mr. Thapar heard rumors that a bit of compulsion had been used in carrying through China's farm program, but he judged that to be imperialist slander.

● NATIONAL REVIEW, almost alone in the U.S. press, expressed certain doubts about Juscelino Kubitschek's democratic *bona fides* when, last winter, through a neatly engineered "preventive coup," he assured his installation as President of Brazil. For six months all was quiet on the Amazon, but the news of recent weeks begins to shape into a sourly familiar pattern. Four outlawed Brazilian Communists reinstated in the diplomatic service.... An issue of Carlos Lacerda's opposition newspaper seized for criticizing the Kubitschek regime's softness to the Communists. . . . The theoretically illegalized Communists functioning full tilt in the open. . . . The pact with the U.S. on the exchange of atomic materials and machinery dropped at the demand of Communists and extreme nationalists.... And, of course: the U.S. to give Brazil huge stocks of surplus commodities and big new credits.

There ought to be a law against certain kinds of denigration, and if anyone wants to draft it, we'll go along. We mean the kind of thing Paul Pickrel did recently in *Harper's* to some of our favorite anatomists of conservatism. "Everybody talks liberalism and it doesn't mean a thing. There are to be sure, a few withdrawn spinsterish types who do a species of verbal tatting known as the New Conservatism, but they have nothing to do with what happens." Now why would anybody want to go and say such things about Clinton Rossiter, and Peter Viereck, and all those nice people?

What Should Conservatives Do About the Election?

The dilemma that faces a conservative these days when he is asked to perform at the polls plagues us and a number of our readers. We have received some extremely interesting letters on the subject, under the general heading, "What should conservatives do about the coming election?" which we shall publish in due course. We should like to have more, and will pay five dollars for each statement published. We regret that they cannot be returned or acknowledged. Please address them to: Election Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW, 211 East 37th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

Clinton

It is probably true that congenital ruffians and hotheads have figured largely in the doings in Clinton, Tennessee. But it is also true, and there is nothing to be gained in shielding one's eyes from it, that the majority of the citizens of Clinton, Tennessee, are *not* ruffians or hotheads. They, together with the overwhelming majority of the white people of the Deep South, are men of good will and level head, passionately convinced that there is no inherent evil in social segregation, and that the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States explicitly protects them from federal interference in local affairs. Therefore, as a matter of principle, they are determined to resist the implementation of a judicial decision which overturns what they understand to be the bases of their society.

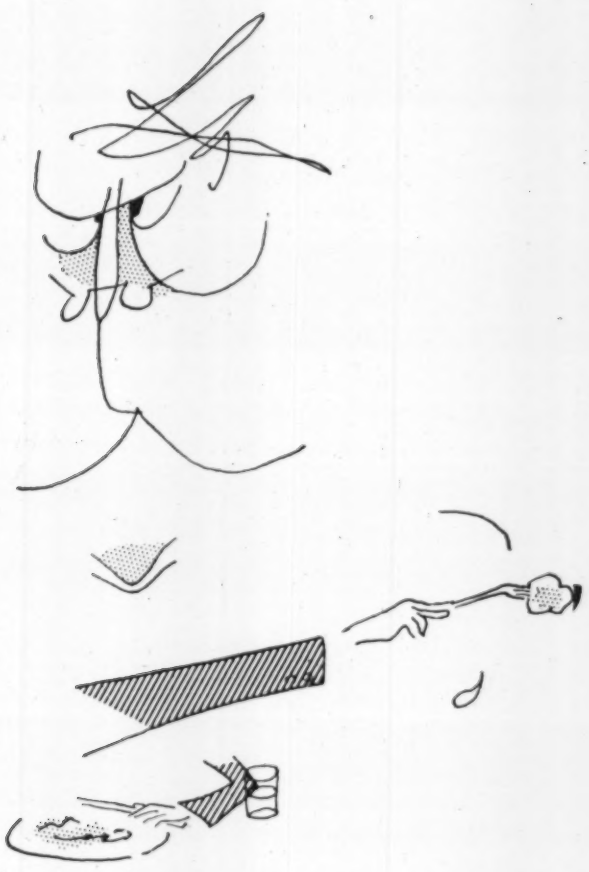
It is unfortunately in the nature of things that into such situations demagogues move easily. But the position of the South is not to be identified with the coarseness of some of the champions of segregation. Back of the demagogues is a mature resolution. In essence it is determination to resist central authority; to insist on self-government. The South would be more convincing if that spirit uniformly animated it in its dealings with Washington.

Mr. Stevenson's Dilemma

On September the third, 1956, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, answering a question put to him by a television panelist, Professor Anthony Bouscaren of Marquette University, Harry Truman said he did not believe Alger Hiss was a Communist or a spy.

Many times in the past, Harry Truman has obstinately defended his record, whether against reason or taste; defended, in fact, everything he ever did, from lining up with Pendergast to dropping atom bombs over Japan, to threatening to emasculate music critics. He operates on the simple theory that what he does is correct; to which theory the corollary is that duty lies in constantly instructing a wayward public in the fact of his infallibility.

But there was one episode of his Administration about which for years he exhibited a certain intemperate uneasiness. We remember a late afternoon in the fall of 1952 when, from the rear platform of a Presidential train stopped at a small town in Connecticut, he hacked away at the Republican anti-Christ. Doggedly he moved from cliché to cliché, warning of the imminent end of the Republic should the voters bring in Eisenhower. Suddenly the raucous spell was broken by a boy, perched above the crowd in a maple tree. Loud and clear, he called out in a piercing soprano, "Tell us about the Red



Kreuttner

"Name one Soviet spy who ever held office in the Executive Branch of this Government—above the rank of Assistant Secretary, that is!"

Herring, Harry." Turning purple, Mr. Truman looked up and for a moment seemed to be considering instructing the secret service men to let go with a few bursts of the .30 calibers up at the tree; and then, collecting himself, he said with an ineptitude that chilled the marrow of the most ardent Democratic partisan in the crowd, *"Young man, have you no respect for the President of the United States?"*

Harry Truman never liked to talk about Alger Hiss. On several occasions he even denied ever having classified the congressional probe into Hiss' activities as a red herring. (Now he denies branding it a red herring, but adds that in fact it was!) Alger Hiss' blatant guilt inconvenienced his ego. But last week, pained, perhaps, by his diminished prestige after the Chicago debacle of a few weeks ago, he went on record aggressively on the matter of his infallibility. He declared that a) Hiss was not, in his opinion, a Communist, and b) Harry Dexter White and Nathan Gregory Silvermaster "did no harm," and "were not guilty of anything."

The choice is squarely up to Stevenson. If he fails to disavow Truman's remarks, he will confirm the worst fears of those who believe it is in the nature of the leaders of Liberalism that they cannot, for ontological reasons, learn anything about Communism. Or else, in disavowing Truman, he must deliver that final rebuke to the living symbol of the fallibility of the democratic process. Either course is difficult for Mr. Stevenson. But he cannot shirk his duty, not in an age when the beginning of wisdom is a profound understanding of the Hiss case.

Thou, Labor, Art Our Goddess

There's one thing. Nobody, this time, is going to accuse anybody of "talking over the heads of the American people." The President, bless his heart, has always kept his brow comfortably low. And Adlai Stevenson, brooding over the criticisms of his 1952 campaign, has evidently had a trepanning operation by a political surgeon who used J. Fred Muggs' skull as a model.

Take Labor Day, when the High Priests of Liberalism perform their most sacred Mysteries. Officiating at the central altar in Detroit's Cadillac Square ("mighty close to the heart of America," was the way he put it), Brother Stevenson disclosed that his very own grandpappy, who used to be Vice President back in the '90's—up and *created* Labor Day, jest like in the Bible.

"When I hear these Republicans claiming they invented peace and prosperity, well . . . Labor Day is something that my grandfather thought up all by himself, and we Stevensons are mighty glad you could all get the day off to come to our family picnic."

(Pretty good. But probably not good enough. We hear Professor Arthur Larson will soon reveal that Dwight Eisenhower's grandfather invented *babies.*)

The assisting deacons at Detroit were "those distinguished Americans who have contributed so much to the values we celebrate"—the values, that is to say, of Organized Labor. After duly anointing the first two (Governor Soapy Williams and Senator Pat McNamara), Stevenson really poured the oil on No. 3—"one of freedom's truest and most effective servants," none other than that avowed prophet of socialism-in-our-time, the United Automobile Workers' President of Presidents, Walter Reuther.

Then, getting "right down to business," celebrant Stevenson intoned the liturgy of "the new America," "shining and spacious America," "new frontiers and new horizons," "human" America with, unlike Republican America, a big, big heart. And then *really* to business: "minimum wage"; "unemployment benefits"; "repeal of Taft-Hartley Act"; "guaranteed annual wage"; "federal assistance to schools"; "federally supported scholarship program"; and—oh, yes—abolition of "the misnamed right-to-work laws."

The Grand Lama, as is his frequent wont, chose to make his Labor Day devotions *in absentia* and *in abstractu,* as it were. The feature of the Eisenhower ritual, decorously performed in the White House garden, was the dedication of a new Labor Day Stamp (3¢), embossed with a quote from Carlyle ("Labor is Life"), and picturing a symbolic universal family—man, woman, child—humbly obeisant before the new Washington headquarters of the AFL-CIO.

The brief Eisenhower sermon repeated the established litany—"old age security," "unemployment insurance," "minimum wage laws," "collective bargaining," "peace," "freedom"—and included the prescribed genuflections: "It is a rare privilege indeed to participate in the dedication of a stamp that is designed as a tribute to American labor, . . . that vast army of people who . . . are developing all the wealth of America." In conclusion the shepherd, anti-segregationist to the core, extended his blessing to the entire flock: "America is fortunate in its labor force—which I like to believe is all of us."

One factional note did creep in. The Republican translation of the Labor Scriptures, leaving Grandpa Adlai altogether out of the book, attributed the origin of Labor Day to one Peter McGuire, at whose grave the first stamp was duly licked.

CIA Flops Again

NATIONAL REVIEW has repeatedly pointed to the inadequacy of the Central Intelligence Agency. On the possibility of holding Formosa (as estimated in 1949), on Chinese intervention in Korea, on Viet Nam, on the Soviet situation at Stalin's death, on Beria, on the 1953 East German uprising, on East Europe just prior to Poznan, on these and so many more of the key events of the decade since its formation, CIA has been wrong, wrong and useless. And these are not little mistakes.

Now once more, CIA has proved wrong: wrong about Nasser, who was served up by our intelligence services as the answer to American diplomatic prayers—as an enlightened, progressive, up-and-coming, realistic, Moscow-resisting, man-to-latch-on-to: in short, and not wholly by coincidence, the Nasser of CIA was that distinguished Colonel presented to the American public by the Luce magazines. So, on this judgment, Colonel Nasser's prestige and power were built up by our diplomats and soldiers and distributors of dollars. And now the payoff.

We ask once more: when will Congress cease being intimidated by the mystery-mongers at the top of CIA, and launch the kind of ruthless, unsparing investigation that is required to cut through to the truth about their past performance, and to force a drastic reorganization for the future?

By the Way

We appreciate the fact that our political chiefs, both in and out of office, are busy these days, what with an election only six weeks off. But we hope that they will be able to give a moment's attention to a crisis that is *not* subsiding in the eastern Mediterranean.

We even think that it would be appropriate for some of our spokesmen, perhaps even our Presidential candidates, to try to make clear to our people that this crisis is grave, and will not be easy to settle. For the truth is that the issue now joined over Suez can not be compromised, no matter what diplomatic words are used. The issue is simply whether Colonel Nasser is to be boss over the Suez Canal and Isthmus; and in the outcome he either will be or he won't be. On that question there isn't any in-between.

So the Western powers will either have to give way or use force. The choice is hard, and it will be grim either way. Of this the public ought to be given at least a hint.

Calling All Volunteers

We knew all the time this kind of thing happens, every day of the week; but somehow, actually confronted with it, the horror of it emerges in full force. Perhaps it is the toothsome complacency. Perhaps the quiet resonance of the threats. In any case, here is the missive one gets within a few days of joining a firm governed by a union shop contract:

"IMPORTANT NOTICE

"Dear Friend:

"We are very pleased to know that the first month of your probationary period in . . . is nearing an end and that you will soon be eligible for membership in Local . . . .

"IN ORDER TO ENJOY THE MANY BENEFITS AND FULL PROTECTION OF UNION MEMBERSHIP, YOU MUST JOIN WITHIN 30 DAYS OF YOUR HIRING DATE.

"We are certain that you are ready to voluntarily add your strength to that of your . . . co-workers—which has already won such valuable improvements as a free-of-charge Health Plan for yourself and family, automatic raises, job security, etc.

"So that you may be fully prepared to join the Union when you come down, we wish to advise you that the following Constitutional fees must be paid:

"Initiation fee . . .
"Newspaper subscription . . .
"First dues payment . . .

"To provide the greatest protection for every worker in the store our contract says that everyone must join Local . . . To prevent the undermining of our

many gains anyone who fails to join the Union on or before the 30th day of employment is liable to immediate discharge. We are confident that you, too, will appreciate the protection of this provision—along with the rest of the contract.

"We know that you will be more than pleased to learn of the many benefits which will be yours as a result of membership in Local . . . We look forward to welcoming you into our ranks and are certain that we can count on your full support as we move ahead to further gains and still greater security.

"Fraternally yours,
"xxx
"President."

Iceland Between Two Worlds

Pursuant to election promises, the first act of the new Popular Front government of Iceland was to petition the North Atlantic Council, governing body of NATO, to close up the American base at Keflavik. The Council, taking plenty of time, has finally replied with a request that Iceland reconsider—on the sensible ground that the base is still urgently needed for the common security of the NATO members, including Iceland. According to the statutes, the matter now goes into cold storage for six months. If Iceland then repeats its demand, the NATO forces are obligated by the treaty to leave; but they are allowed another twelve months to pack their baggage.

Well, a lot can happen in eighteen months. The new bases in Spain and Portugal can be readied, for example. Even, conceivably, a Popular Front can dissolve—though that would call for political moves on our part more serious than posing for pictures with members of the Soviet Presidium.

The Nine-Lived IPR

The Institute of Pacific Relations, which a Senate Committee unanimously found to have been the main channel of Communist influence on United States Far Eastern policy, used periodic conferences of "experts" as a major indoctrination device. Since publication of the Senate report, the IPR label has been kept discreetly in the background; but its activists have continued to do business at the old stands.

Recently, for example, a hundred workers in the Far Eastern vineyard gathered for three days in Burlington, Vermont, under the benign auspices of the "World Peace Foundation" and the "Vermont Council on World Affairs," to conduct what was called a "Far Eastern Affairs Conference." No one will be surprised to learn that a major subject of discussion was that most scholarly issue, the admission of Red China to the UN. And no one should be surprised at the fact that the Chairman of the Conference was Professor John K. Fairbank of Harvard, old IPR hand, identified by two sworn witnesses at the Senate hearing as a Communist Party member. This allegation Dr. Fairbank denied—without, however, challenging his listed membership in Communist front organizations, his personal relations with Party members, or his defense of policies that served the interests of the USSR.

Sequel

Last March, NATIONAL REVIEW discussed the plight of Mr. Ismael Ege. Mr. Ege, who had served as a Soviet official, renounced Communism, took refuge in America, and gave Congress valuable information. Anxious to provide for the security of his family, he went after a life insurance policy, only to find that, a likely object of Soviet vengeance, he was deemed, by all insurance companies to which he applied, too poor a risk to merit a policy. We asked if there was not a single company that would "insure Mr. Ege as a non-materialist gesture of gratitude for his courage in fleeing a materialist world?"

Shortly thereafter, a representative of the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company asked us to put him in touch with Mr. Ege, which we did. We now have a letter from Mr. Ege:

". . . It is indeed of comfort to know that there are people in the Free World who are concerned with our troubles . . . yesterday, I got my insurance policy. . . . please accept my own and my family's appreciation for your kind move." We presume to speak in behalf of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers, on this occasion, in extending *our* thanks to the Lincoln Life Insurance Company.

NATIONAL REVIEW is happy to announce that the second prize in its "Pick the Candidates" contest has been won by Donald J. Ely of Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Ely will receive a Westinghouse console model color television set. Other prizewinners are Mr. Frank P. Stelling of Oakland, California; Mr. W. E. Stephenson of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ruth S. Walsh, Sea Girt, New Jersey; Mr. Harry B. Purcell, Torrington, Connecticut; Mr. John B. Lawrence, Jr., New York City; Mr. Ira E. Simmons, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. T. R. Anderson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Tied for tenth place were Mr. P. J. Franz of 82 Myrtle Street, Shelton, Conn., and another Mr. Franz of 83 Myrtle Street, Shelton, Conn. They will receive $50 certificates for phonograph records from The Record Hunter or books from The Bookmailer. A special consolation prize will be awarded to the winner of the eleventh place. It will be announced in the next issue.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

Pin-Pricked Pachyderm

Mr. Eisenhower opened the Presidential season by playing golf. Mr. Stevenson played "working politics" in a whirlwind tour of 34 states. By the end of the Labor Day holiday, the Democratic machine was rolling in high gear. The Republican High Command planned to get under way about mid-September. Mr. Eisenhower, like Aesop's hare, didn't expect to do any strenuous running.

In a speech which invited union members to vote Republican, despite the endorsement of Stevenson by most of their AFL-CIO bosses, Eisenhower pictured Labor as "the terror of any who would be our enemies." On the heels of the President's address, Walter Reuther announced his intention of raising $4,000,000 to help elect Stevenson and a Democratic Congress.

For several weeks confirmation has been pouring in that Dixie is unhappily but firmly re-wedded to the Democratic Party. Many big-name Democrats as well as legions of yeomen who bolted in 1952 are returning to the fold. Senator Price Daniel, who helped carry Texas for Eisenhower four years ago, now heads the Democratic state ticket as gubernatorial nominee. He will campaign for Stevenson. Apathy among rank and file voters is reported from any states. A poll in Minnesota, conducted by the Minneapolis *Tribune*, disclosed a 50-50 division of voter-preference on Eisenhower and Stevenson. (Eisenhower carried the state by 65,000 in '52. It was the first Republican victory in a Minnesota Presidential election since 1928.)

From Idaho, Oregon and Washington last week came urgent pleas for a Presidential visit to bolster the national ticket and the respective Senatorial candidates, Welker, McKay and Langlie.

Obviously worried over inflationary possibilities, the Administration has grasped the right-hand horn of the dilemma, tightening the money market at the risk of alienating would-be borrowers. Irate leaders of the 39,000-member National Association of Home Builders plan a march on Washington to demand remedial action on the tight mortgage-money situation. According to the *Wall Street Journal* of September 4, "Some smaller concerns are cutting expansion plans. Some medium-sized ones are delaying plans for financing them. Corporate giants generally are unaffected."

Current tidings from the Farm Belt indicate benefits to Republicans, but there is no assurance that the party has recovered its normal strength in agricultural areas. Farm prices dropped 3 per cent in the period ending August 15 but were 2 per cent higher than a year ago.

Most experts of both parties will admit privately, if not publicly, that the four states with the largest number of electoral votes cannot be classified at this time as definitely leaning toward either Presidential candidate. New York has 45, Pennsylvania 32, California 32, Illinois 27 —a total of 136.

Eisenhower's 1952 plurality in New York would not have sufficed if New York City had returned its usual 300,000 to 500,000 Democratic majority. If Attorney General Javits becomes the GOP Senatorial nominee, his New Deal record may cause even more upstate Republicans to abstain from voting than was the case in 1954 when Harriman nosed out Ives in the gubernatorial race.

This year the GOP hopes to attract a substantial percentage of the Negro vote (estimated at 750,000) to "the Party of Abraham Lincoln and Earl Warren." The Republican State Committee is sponsoring this campaign, entitled "Task Force '56." Julius J. Adams, Negro newspaperman, is the operating chief.

California, which went consistently Democratic in Presidential elections throughout the long interval between 1928 and 1952, had a top-heavy Democratic registration (four to three) but the Governor, both Senators and 19 out of 30 Representatives are Republicans. The Negro vote (estimated at 400,000) which has been strongly Democratic in the past will be ardently courted by both parties. Last week the Democratic State Convention tentatively adopted a Civil Rights pledge stronger than the plank in the Party's national platform.

The once impregnable Republican stronghold of Philadelphia has been returning progressively larger Democratic margins. Truman carried it against Dewey in '48 by a mere 7,000 votes; Eisenhower lost it in '52 by 160,000. Since 1954 the Pennsylvania Democrats have captured the Governor's office and continue to dominate Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

This year Stevenson has a better chance of carrying his home state than he had four years ago when the Washington mess was even more redolent than the normal scent of Cook County. Illinois politics, however, are badly scrambled. Both parties are plagued with scandals on state and county levels. (Illinois has cast its electoral vote for a Republican Presidential candidate only twice in 24 years.)

The candidate who carries New York, Pennsylvania, California and Illinois will almost certainly win the election. Theoretically victory is possible without the electoral votes of any of these states, but from a practical standpoint it would be an incredible upset. It is scarcely conceivable that either candidate could carry all four states, representative of virtually all voting "blocs," without winning enough other states to total a majority.

Most Republican leaders are now fully aware that this election is by no means in the bag. Evidence of a Democratic resurgence may be no more dangerous than pin pricks to a pachyderm, but they could herald far more brutal treatment to come. Nevertheless the GOP has the tremendous advantage implicit in "peace, prosperity and popularity." Republicans are also counting another "asset." Truman couldn't dump Stevenson at Chicago. Now he is campaigning for Stevenson. And the ex-Governor can't dump the ex-President.

The Red Opium Conspiracy

The appalling increase in dope-addiction among our population has been laid to Red Chinese promotion of the opium trade. Mr. Gilbert cites documentary proof that the crime is indeed a Communist policy

RODNEY GILBERT

There is no longer any doubt that Red China is by all odds the biggest contributor to the international illicit traffic in opium, morphine and heroin. And there is no doubt either that this is an officially promoted enterprise. Refugees who had been employed in the nefarious business have brought out full information about the extent of poppy cultivation, the smuggling of opium into Siam and Burma from government warehouses in Yunnan; the location of many factories in cities that are under rigid Red policy control where opium is converted into morphine base, morphine and heroin; and the government patronage of the export traffic.

For three years (1953-1955) Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics, Treasury Department, submitted to the annual April meeting of the UN Narcotics Commission detailed and well documented reports on all of this. Before the meeting was held this year, the friends of Red China had it shifted from New York to Geneva where such revelations would get less press coverage; and the Commissioner did not bother to go there. At the Geneva session of the UN Commission this past April, Thailand's spokesman was permitted to say that his country's troubles with narcotics came down "from the North," but there was no mention of the fact that Red China was responsible for the heaviest of all contributions to the illicit traffic in opium and its derivatives.

The American Federation of Labor's representative in the Far East, Mr. Richard Deverall, who has for years moved to and fro between Tokyo and Karachi, and has familiarized himself with the "dope" problem of each nation all along the periphery of Southeast Asia, has published (in Japan, unfortunately) several editions of a book on *Mao Tse-tung's Dirty Opium Warfare*, in which there is even more detailed evidence against Peiping than in Commissioner Anslinger's several reports.

Free China's Ministry of the Interior has now come through with a publication in English entitled *Chinese Communists' World Wide Narcotic War*, with truly overwhelming masses of detail about the location and extent of poppy acreages, the location and capacity of morphine and heroin factories, the promotion of the export business and the names of scores of persons, from the top down to Korean chemists employed (veterans of the prewar and wartime Japanese heroin promotion).

Agrarians' Unseen Crop

In this little book of 173 pages, plus appendices, there is a section of twenty-odd pages given to nefarious activities within China at a time when Mao Tse-tung was getting very favorable publicity in this country—from the early summer of 1942 to mid-July 1945. This was a period during which American and other correspondents visited the Communist headquarters at Yenan, and wandered widely through Red territory; when American military observers spent months behind the Communist lines; when representatives of the American Embassy in Chungking, including Ambassador Patrick Hurley himself, flew to and fro over Red-controlled territory. And so the reader may well wonder how it happened that it was not generally known in this country that two-thirds of the arable land under Communist control was planted in the very conspicuous opium poppy.

At that time, the Communists held all of the semi-arid north of Shensi Province, with their "capital" at Yenan; bits of Kansu and Ninghsia on the west, and bits of northern Shansi on the east. To the south, in Sian (the capital of Shensi), sat General Hu Tsungnan, commander of 60,000 Nationalist troops, whose primary task was to hold the Japanese in check on the east, but whose secondary job it was to keep the Reds within bounds. To the north of the Communist Border Area, as it was called, another Nationalist General, Fu Tso-yi, had a strong force strung along the Mongol border, also operating against the Japanese on the east but also excluding the Communists from that territory. Although thus confined (except on the east where their guerrillas operated through and beyond Japanese lines), the Reds were supposed to keep friendly and cooperative relations with the government in Chungking. Red representatives had an office in Chungking. They published a newspaper there, and individual agents, merchants and newspapermen went back and forth fairly freely.

So it was that two correspondents of a Chinese news agency wandered through the Red Border Area between early June and late October 1942. They became familiar with the Communist opium traffic and subsequently wrote several articles about it which appeared in some papers of government-controlled China and are reproduced in full in this new book.

The situation in 1942 was roughly this:

The Communists had encouraged some opium poppy planting in their territory in the fall of 1941. The crop was harvested under close military surveillance in early June 1942. Mao Tse-tung's agents took two-thirds of each farmer's crop and bought the remaining third at their own price. The haul was much bigger than they

expected. They wanted none of it sold or smoked within their domain. They wanted the damage done in territory under Chungking's control. So they hastily organized the smuggling of it out of their territory in all directions. The monetary return amazed and delighted them. They immediately planned a fall planting on a far more extensive scale and set up a much more elaborate organization for opium distribution.

Bitter Harvest

Throughout their holdings in Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsia and northern Shansi, orders went out to the effect that every farmer was expected to plant two-thirds of his arable land in opium poppies and one-third only in grain crops. Local magistrates were notified that before the next opium harvest they would be expected to provide—in addition to warehouses for the sorting, packaging and storage of opium—a sales office and a hostel where smugglers coming in from government-controlled areas to buy opium could be lodged. Later it was also ordered that such merchant-smugglers would be given military escort to the bounds of the Red domain; and still later it became one of the major functions of the much touted guerrillas to get these patrons of the Border Area's opium offices into remoter markets. On top of the monetary haul from two-thirds of the opium crop which the Mao regime took from the farmers for nothing, and the third it bought at its own prices, heavy taxes were levied on the buyers who smuggled it out of Red territory.

This operation did not proceed without criticism. Farmers within the Red territories were very reluctant to put as much as two-thirds of their land in opium poppies. The whole Border Area, semi-arid, even with all available land in grain, spends a hungry winter after a dry season. And with only a third in grain crops, a drought would mean famine. But the Mao regime ordered that the land of farmers who refused to plant the stipulated acreage in opium poppies was to be expropriated and leased to more willing farmers. Other opponents were the young people whose Communism was more idealistic than practical. At first their criticism was vociferous, but word soon got around that the noisiest tended to disappear.

The nearest big city available to smugglers (some being merchants, some special Red agents) was Sian, the provincial capital; so the market there was soon glutted and everyone who had smoked opium before the Nationalist government suppressed the traffic, was at it again. This drew protests, addressed to Mao Tse-tung personally, by various organizations. Two that appeared in the local press are published in this little book. The first, dated July 12, 1942, before the Reds had extended

Mao Tse-tung

poppy cultivation to the whole Border Area, was from the Sian Press Association and is, like the others, addressed to Mao. It reads in part:

> It is universally known that you have openly forced the people in the nine districts of northwestern Shansi and the ten districts of northern Shensi Province to raise opium. . . . You are insane: and you are blinded by the selfish lust to exploit opium to the full for nothing but profit, regardless of its evil effect on the country and the people. This alone, apart from the other infamous things you have done, has already made you the enemy of the whole nation. . . . Are you not ashamed of what you have done? . . . .

This protest was soon followed by a similar denunciation, also locally published, addressed to Mao Tse-tung by the Booksellers and Printers Union.

Now, from this time on to the end of the war (the period during which every American correspondent in Chungking was helping to establish the fiction that Mao Tse-tung was not a Communist but an "agarian reformer," an apostle of democracy, as contrasted with Chiang Kai-shek, the despot), the growth of the opium traffic out of the Border Area was the subject of very lively discussion in Chungking. But during the last fourteen months of the war, when I was a resident of the famous Press Hostel (from which a number of the correspondents had made excursions into the Border Area), the Red promotion of the opium traffic was never mentioned at the long dining table at which the U.S. scribes traded their low opinions of Chiang Kai-shek and their reasons for thinking so well of Mao Tse-tung and Company.

The best evidence to prove the official Communist interest in poppy cultivation is to be found in three Chinese documents of which photostatic reproductions appear as illustrations in this exciting book. All three are dated July 1945, when the Japanese were pulling back and the Nationalists pushing forward in their wake, but when Red forces, being nearer at hand, had got far enough ahead of the government forces to force poppy cultivation on the farmers and start opium moving into other districts.

One of these administrative islands, between Japanese and Chinese government areas, was made up of parts of three districts in Honan (north-central China), namely Huaiyang, T'aikang and Hsihua. By taking the first syllable from each name, the Reds gave their new territory the synthetic name of Huai-t'ai-hsi. So the first photostatic reproduction is of a document entitled "Provisional Regulations Governing Poppy Cultivation and the Opium Trade," dated Huai-T'ai-hsi, July 9, 1945. The text is mostly about the establishment of a General Opium Store, the licensing of opium traders, taxes, penalties on private traffic in opium, and the like. The first sentence is worth quoting:

> These regulations are made for the purpose of strengthening our economic warfare against the enemy, lightening the burden on the people, controlling the export of opium and securing the import of necessities, in accordance with the Tax Regulations of the Border Area Government.

The other document from this area is a permit for the purchase of opium, which calls for the name of the pur-

(*Continued on p. 21*)

How to Solve the School Problem

Our California expert on Dietetics, Xylopyrography and related Arts, applies his xyster to the knottiest problem of Our Times and comes to an interesting conclusion

MORRIE RYSKIND

Ever since the President's Conference on Education, NATIONAL REVIEW has been mulling over the problems confronting the country in the shortage of schools and teachers—the question of the additional taxes and who would pay them, and the other perplexities involved. And once again, as it has so often, the REVIEW comes up with the simple answer:

All education should be confined to the compulsory reading of the New York Times, *especially the Sunday edition, for it touches on every subject taught from kindergarten through college, and treats them all from a Liberal point of view.* Below, for example, are some items from its issue of September 2.

(It should be pointed out that the cost to the federal government of supplying every family with the *Times* would be only a fraction of what the new schools and teachers would cost. And, further, desegregation would be enforced immediately, because *anybody,* without regard to race or creed, is eligible to read the *Times,* just as *anybody,* without regard to knowledge or facts, is eligible to write for it.)

Ethics

The AFL-CIO Executive Council wrote a brave new chapter in American labor history last week with its vigorous attack on union racketeering and corruption.—Editorial

[And we hope Mr. Kohler read it.]

Culture

. . . I believe this is the position [to subsidize the arts] taken by James C. Petrillo . . . and other cultural leaders in our country . . . —Letter to the Editor.

[Could the writer possibly have meant physical culture?]

Anthropology

Philadelphia, Sept. 1 — Delegates from sixty-one nations, including the Soviet Union, began arriving here today for the fifth International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences . . . They will exchange findings in the study of the human race, ranging from Neanderthal skulls to jazz.—News Item

[We are perfectly willing to exchange Elvis for even a second-rate Neanderthal skull.]

Geography

No part of Chile, which stretches from the southern border of Peru to the southernmost tip of South America, is more than 250 miles wide, according to the Pan American Union.—News Item

[There is a clear case of *caveat emptor* here. The *Times,* you will note, assumes no responsibility: you can either trust the Pan American Union or go out and make the measurements yourself.]

The Arts

. . . It may come as a surprise to most persons, and even to the actors concerned, to be told that the simplest examples of Stanislavsky's ideas are actors such as Gary Cooper, John Wayne and Spencer Tracy.—Lee Strasberg in the Drama Section.

[We don't know about Tracy, but we do know Cooper and Wayne: and to say Gary and John will be surprised is the understatement of the year.]

Neutrality

. . . India is the most important of the *uncommitted* nations . . .—The Week In Review.

[The italics are ours; the judgment is the *Times'*.]

Economics

Low prices don't reduce surpluses. They build them up.—From speech by Harry S. Truman in Ottumwa, Iowa.

[The complete answer to Adam Smith and Henry Hazlitt.]

Semantics: The Proper Use of Words

. . . In Idaho, Frank Church . . . is likely to give a hard challenge to the Republican Old Guard, pro-McCarthy, Senate incumbent, Herman Welker . . . Senator Wayne Morse in Oregon . . . is thumping a very liberal Democratic theme against . . . the arch-conservative Douglas McKay . . .—William S. White: "Battle for the Senate."

[Notice that there are no arch-Liberals—it would be an improper use of modern language.]

Moral and Spiritual Values

Adlai Stevenson . . . declared [re the charges against Javits], "If it is an unjustified accusation, I would condemn it entirely."—News Story.

[We doubt that anything your child could get in Sunday School could equal the lesson to be absorbed from Adlai's bold and challenging words.]

So that takes care of that, and you don't have to worry about the *Times,* which will be coming your way soon courtesy of the government. Meanwhile, NATIONAL REVIEW will still cost you seven dollars a year. Have you renewed yet?

Letter from Ottawa

ANTHONY J. WRIGHT

Is Canada Anti-American?

Any day this past summer Parliament Hill here, on which the government of Canada does its business, has been infested with foreign cars. Their license plates speak of such distant spots as Wisconsin, New York, Washington, D. C., Indiana, Texas, Alabama.

Ottawa loves it. Mounties, done up specially in red tunics and spurs, fawn upon the visitors. The police, anyway, generally behave as though the tourists are welcome.

"Welcome" is a mild word for the frenzy with which federal and provincial governments in Canada prepare for the yearly flood from the south. A mere hundred yards from the House of Commons is a whole branch of government given over completely to setting traps for tourists' dollars. The Government Travel Bureau baits the traps and catches the prey. Hundreds of millions of dollars are scooped up annually by the trade.

Yet within that House of Commons, around which tourists flutter and Mounties preen themselves, bitter anti-Americanism has seared the air this summer. The trouble was over the government's wish to lend money to help Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, Ltd., start the western leg of a proposed 2,200-mile natural gas pipeline from Alberta to Montreal.

Trans-Canada is controlled by Americans, with enough Canadian participation to keep it respectable, you might say. Heartless rich folk from Texas have had the gall to risk their capital to pipe our gas eastward to Canadian, and southward to American markets. Big shots like Clint Murchison, if you please, want Canadian government loans to get the line started so that they can skim off the distribution profits.

The anger of the Opposition, especially the Socialist segment of it, was something to cherish. The Liberal Government was accused of using taxpayers' money to "grubstake American millionaires."

All this came on top of new reports from government statisticians that American money was getting a firmer hold on sections of Canadian economic life. The trade unions were up in arms (they remonstrate every year on the subject) about "foreign" control of Canadian business, especially in the mining, oil, auto-making and electrical appliance enterprises.

A brief from the Canadian Labor Congress told a government commission that investment from outside had increased to the point where foreigners controlled one-third of Canadian business. It pointed out that "the number of companies controlled in the United States had risen from 1,985 at the end of the war to 3,235 in 1953." (This figure meant almost nothing—between 1944 and 1952 the number of establishments employing 500 or fewer in Canada increased from 28,500 to 38,000. Larger establishments presumably kept in step.)

No one knows to what point American money has effective control over Canadian activities. The American share is likely to be less than the Socialists believe, yet it is probably considerable. (I am speaking of complete control whereby someone in Detroit or New York can lay people off in Windsor or tell others in Montreal what to make and what to charge.)

This year Canada is producing goods and services at the rate of about $28 billion annually (don't sneer; it's very big for a small nation of nearly sixteen million). During the same time perhaps a billion will come from the south as new direct investment, of the kind to give control of Canadian business. There will also be general investments by U.S. individuals and investment funds. Taking all kinds of investments from the U.S., we find that the total poured into Canada, and still here, is nearly nine billion. The total of British investment is $2,005,000,000. Yet more than 80 per cent of the money invested in Canada every year is put in, curiously enough, by Canadians.

This inflow of foreign money is a wonderful issue for the politicians. No one else gets badly disturbed about it. Ask the townsfolk of Oshawa, Ontario, where 10,000 workers make General Motors cars, whether they favor American investment in Canada and they'll laugh and laugh. Oshawa would not exist without G.M.

To see the brightest example of American discovery of Canada, you have to go to the oilfields of Alberta, where Imperial Oil drilled 123 dry holes, spending about $100 million, before Leduc came in to put Canada into the oil business. Imperial is a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. More than 100 American companies or individual investors were pouring money into Alberta oil before one Canadian financier of any importance started investing in Canadian oil.

Labrador iron ore is now rolling to the blast furnaces of the Midwest, as well as to Canadian hearths, because American companies banded together to raise about $200 million to get the ore out.

The story is the same all over Canada. Americans have been the first to realize the greatness of the country and the first to back their hunches with hard cash. That, of course, has stirred enough resentment among the unthinking to make it worth the while of hard-up-for-an-issue politicians to cry that we are selling out our heritage to the Americans. The cry wins some weak applause, but it does not topple governments.

All the same, there is a strong feeling here that it is time we processed more of our raw materials in Canada, instead of shipping them out holus-bolus and buying them back as goods made in the U.S. To process more, we need more people and more industries. Both are coming, but here again Canadians are cautious. Our immigration policies are careful and measured. In one of the richest lands on earth we are afraid of unemployment, not sure of ourselves. As for anti-Americanism—the Americans are the neighbors we get mad at when we cast off our placidity and decide to take it out on someone.

But the anger is not even skin-deep; you've only to watch the Royal Canadian Mounted Police posturing for the tourists to realize that.

The Blackout Extended

Congress, the author charges, by failing to investigate the State Department, has placed itself in the position of appearing to connive at bureaucratic deception of the public

BRYTON BARRON

In voting the Department of State an increased (and excessive) allotment for operating expenses for the current fiscal year, the United States Senate failed to explore the actual state of affairs in that Department. Thus, by their negligence, the Senators themselves became a party to the cover-up of bureaucratic usurpation of authority and other evils. As a result many vital issues suffered.

So far as the release of diplomatic papers is concerned, funds were continued for the purpose. But this time, abandoning earlier precedent, the Senate made no clear demand that documentation be released unexpurgated. Thus State Department officials, who need to be reminded of their accountability to Congress and the American people, are encouraged to extend on many fronts the curtain of secrecy and official gobbledegook which conceals the workings of this free-wheeling bureaucracy.

True, the House Appropriations Committee, spurred by testimony which I gave on the basis of twenty-six years experience in the Washington offices of the Department, ordered an investigation of certain matters; but the danger developed that this inquiry would be confined to the Department's failure to release the records of secret wartime deals. There was no indication that it would explore the failure to eliminate pro-Soviet elements in the Department, despite the early promise of a house-cleaning by this Administration. There was apparent forgetfulness of another Republican promise to "sever from the public payroll the hordes of loafers, incompetents and unnecessary employees who clutter the administration of our foreign affairs." Moreover, the House investigators did not appear to be taking testimony for the record, so that the public could read and judge for itself. It began to look as if the inquiry might end in another whitewash rather than in real fact-finding.

Mr. Barron, who wrote "The Historical Blackout in the State Department" for our issue of March 14, was the original compiler of the Yalta papers. His objection to bureaucratic suppression led to his forced retirement from the Department.

Hearing Requested

For these reasons I asked permission to appear, in the course of its regular hearings, before the Subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee which handles the State Department appropriation bill. On April 30, I submitted a prepared statement in which, among other things, I demonstrated 1) that the Department had been giving out utterly misleading data regarding the extent of its overstaffing, 2) that the Teheran and Potsdam conference papers should have been released long ago because they were "in the mill" ahead of the Yalta papers, and 3) that former associates of Alger Hiss still held high posts in the Department.

On May 12 the clerk of the subcommittee telephoned me that I could appear before the Senators "for ten minutes" on the morning of May 17. I answered that, although I would be out of town on the 15th and 16th on a speaking engagement, I would return in time for the hearing. While I was away, however, the committee moved up the date, and closed the hearings. My wife telegraphed the chairman, requesting that the matter be kept open so that on my return I could testify at the time originally set, but the request was denied. Despite assurances that my prepared statement would be included in the record, along with those of Department witnesses who did not testify orally, it was omitted. It was merely referred to the House Committee investigators, whom I had already provided with a copy.

The printed record shows that the conduct of the subcommittee hearings for the public witnesses, including spokesmen of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, was a travesty on congressional committee procedures. With only one other Senator present, Chairman Lyndon Johnson of Texas announced that he had to attend a luncheon for the President of Indonesia, and the witnesses were then rushed through in order that the Chairman might keep his engagement.

Neither in the hearings nor in the report of the subcommittee was any attention, apparently, given to a simultaneous unanimous report by the House Government Operations Committee which found that the State Department's internal management is "woefully weak" and that its handling of funds is "incredible."

Before Congress met in the session recently adjourned, Senator Bridges had indicated his intention to press for a Senate investigation of the uproar over the Yalta papers, "so that we may not only speed up publication of these papers but can lay bare just how badly the State Department is riddled by holdovers whose main interest seems to be in covering up past mistakes." When that investigation failed to materialize, and when the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee Chairman did not even make it possible for me to appear before his group, I felt that the time had come to put to Chairman Johnson certain questions.

I proceeded to do so in a letter dated May 21. Among these questions, some 25 in number, were the following:

> Is it not true that some 100 pages of material were removed from the Yalta compilation after it was already in type?
>
> If none of the documents deleted or censored was of any significance, then why did certain of them arouse so much controversy within official circles and cause the demand for their exclusion?
>
> Is it not true that other documents, some of them of a highly revealing nature, were excluded by minor officials on their own initiative?
>
> Is it not true that the original compiler of the Yalta papers for publication was not permitted to see certain files to obtain relevant papers?
>
> How do you reconcile the implications of the foregoing with the written assertion of the State Department that "no significant papers were omitted"?
>
> If I had nothing important to tell the Subcommittee, why didn't you demonstrate this on the record and in open hearing, rather than move up the date to a time when I could not attend?
>
> Is it not true that the failure promptly to publish the Yalta record was not due to vague "high-level policy considerations" but a mere matter of domestic politics? Must the right of the people to be informed wait on partisan considerations?
>
> Is it not true that two years ago the Department promised your Subcommittee that the records of those fateful conferences at Teheran and Potsdam would be published before July 1 of last year?
>
> How are the essentials of democracy to be preserved when appointed officials make decisions of the highest importance on the basis of information not available to the public or even to the Congress?
>
> Were not government officials permitted to repeat in the record of your hearings their arguments for more funds and more personnel? Why the discrimination against the private citizen who opposes such trends?
>
> Are you certain that the budget estimates submitted for the State Department reflected the thinking of men at the working level or were they padded figures supplied under instructions from bureaucratic superiors?
>
> Is it not true that former associates of Alger Hiss, as well as various types of international socialists, are on duty in the State Department? What has your Subcommittee done about it?

These questions make clear the need for sworn testimony, which I have repeatedly urged, on the points at issue.

Nowhere in the testimony do we find a clear explanation why political hacks who have failed on the job, along with other officials entirely lacking in foreign experience, are being sent out to distant foreign posts to direct the operations of important missions (to our disadvantage in those areas) while at the same time men skilled in conducting diplomatic negotiations abroad are being brought home to handle administrative matters in the Department, for which they have little or no special training. This is a grave matter at a time when the proper administration of foreign policy is so vital to the very existence of the nation.

Mr. Dulles Admits

During his appearance before the Senate Appropriations unit, Secretary Dulles paid tribute to the personnel of the Department and of the Foreign Service. His words were in strange contrast to the language of the 1952 Republican Party platform which Mr. Dulles is generally supposed to have had a hand in writing and which, as indicated above, spoke of "loafers, incompetents and unnecessary employees who clutter the administration of our foreign affairs." Praise from the man who backed Alger Hiss for the top job in the Carnegie Endowment is, unfortunately, not too convincing. Unquestionably there are able and patriotic men and women in the Department; nonetheless there are many changes overdue, changes which the public long ago was led to expect.

Under questioning, the Secretary admitted that the requested increase in its appropriation would restore the Department to the size which he himself disapproved when he took office. But when Senator Johnson gave this over-all figure as 13,819 employees (instead of the actual figure of over 30,000, set forth in my prepared statement which he chose to omit from the record) he provided a further example of the deceptions practiced on the American people.

When the bill came before the Senate on May 25, there was no evidence of indignation at this kind of misleading information, no apparent concern over the continued expansion of the bureaucracy, no clear expression of resentment of the continued withholding from the public of the records of wartime diplomatic negotiations. The Senators appeared to act on the theory that if they blindly voted increased funds for the bureaucracy, they were doing the country a favor. Senator Knowland did say that he believed "there has been some unnecessary dragging of feet" on the publication program, and Senator Bridges intimated that he was "disturbed at the lag"; but neither Senator spoke out vigorously. Senator Johnson, having heard only what the bureaucrats had to say on that issue, commented; "When we look at their appropriation requests next year we hope to find that they have complied with our suggestion." Thus, with a whispered "hope" and a "suggestion," do men elected to speak for the people now defer to bureaucratic domination of affairs and control of information. Not a voice was raised to demand that Congress and the people be given an undistorted, unexpurgated version of what had happened at certain top-level international conferences.

The heavy demands on the time and energies of Senators do not entirely account for their failure to go into these matters thoroughly. Some may have been misled by the suppression of news by the press, particularly in Washington. Certain of the more powerful figures on the Hill may hesitate to embarrass political friends and former staff members who now hold fancy jobs in the bureaucracy. Some may remain silent for reasons of party politics. And there may be some who refuse to believe, in spite of all that has happened in the last generation, that the statement of any official can conceivably reflect bad judgment and faulty information as well as improper motives.

Some of the fault, of course, lies with the failure of individual citizens to keep in touch with their Senators and Representatives. Certainly the bureaucrats do not make this mistake, and the enticements which they offer men on the Hill are common knowledge.

In the last analysis, it is the American people whose duty it is to see to it that this nation, created in protest against abuses of government authority, does not now surrender to the developing totalitarian trend.

Bypassing the Budget

LAWRENCE STAFFORD

One of the most pronounced characteristics developed by the Eisenhower Administration is an especial affinity for dreaming up esoteric financial strategems which make it possible for the government to dip into the nation's private long-term savings for federal spending outside the legal budget. Probably the most common of these is the "insured loan." What the government does is develop new programs for achieving various ends through loans from insurance companies, banks and pension funds. The lending institution is induced to make a loan for a longer period, in a greater ratio of value, for a lower rate of interest solely because of government insurance which protects it against any loss of principal or interest in the event of a default.

In a free market this kind of loan would not be made. Furthermore, the state or federal authorities which supervise banks and insurance companies would not ordinarily permit them to make such liberal loans without the safeguard of government insurance. This development, of course, is not new with the Eisenhower Administration. Roosevelt first introduced the idea with the Federal Housing Administration plan to force out a large volume of housing mortgage money on terms much easier than were ever available before. Where the Eisenhower team has shone is in the initiative with which it has developed this strategem. There is a vast difference, for example, between a loan up to only 80 per cent of the cost of a house, with a twenty-year repayment period, and a loan up to 100 per cent of its cost, with a forty-year repayment term.

Three examples will illustrate the new extra-budgetary raids on private savings. One is military housing. Another is the Department of Agriculture's Farmers Home Administration mortgage loan. The third is the "Lease-Purchase" Act. There are many variations of these schemes, ranging from some of relative soundness to others of almost total, inherent financial irresponsibility. It is absolutely necessary, short of writing a book, to oversimplify these illustrations.

Putting military housing outside the budget first began with an act of 1946. It has since been totally liberalized with the blessing of the Eisenhower Administration.

From the time of George Washington until 1946, the cost of housing military personnel on military bases—a completely governmental function—had been paid for out of appropriations. Now the Secretary of Defense (through his subordinates, of course) designs the housing needed on military bases. After competitive bidding, a contractor is awarded a contract to construct this housing, precisely as when it was built with appropriated funds. At this point a dummy corporation is created which borrows the entire cost of the military housing from some private financial source. The Secretary of Defense guarantees to repay the dummy corporation in full. He applies the quarters allowances of military personnel housed in the development toward repayment of the loan with interest. FHA "insures" the loan against loss. There is thus a droll double government-guarantee of the loan.

This cumbersome procedure bypasses the budget completely. Congress doesn't have to appropriate a dime, directly, for the military housing.

It would be interesting to speculate on what would be the present soundness of such a loan made thirty years ago for housing on a horse cavalry post. Already there is informed talk that the new "Buck Rogers" war machine will need fewer and fewer men and more and more gadgets. It is conceivable that a future Administration and Congress will have to grapple with the problem of making good on some of these "loans" now being made with such prodigality, or leaving pensioners and widows with insurance proceeds most unhappy.

Farmers Home Administration is Rexford Guy Tugwell's old Resettlement Administration—a direct lineal bureaucratic descendant — with its name twice changed. It now insures up to 90 per cent of value farm mortgage loans running as long as forty years. Farmers Home approves the loan, keeps the collateral, and collects the money. All the bank, insurance company, or pension fund does is pay out the amount of the loan, which is then insured. The lender in this case is in the exact technical position of being a sub-Treasury of the United States, except that it uses insurance premium funds or bank deposits instead of tax money.

It should be noted that by law the clients of Farmers Home are supposed to be unacceptable credit risks at private institutions. They cannot borrow from Farmers Home unless they have been refused loans (that this is rigidly interpreted may be open to doubt) from private sources or the government's Farm Credit Administration. Thus, legally the note of the poorest credit risk is elevated to the status of government paper, and rates almost equally with a Treasury bond as a legal investment.

Finally, there is the "Lease-Purchase" act, sponsored by the Administration. Under this, post offices and other federal buildings are procured in the legal form of "leases."

Here again the government designs the building for exclusive government use. A "private enterpriser" undertakes to construct the building on a twenty-five-year lease whose terms are adjusted to pay for the building as though it were a loan, in twenty-five installments with interest and local real estate taxes. At the end of twenty-five years the building is officially deeded to the government.

In this manner the Administration and Congress are now buying federal buildings on a 4 per cent down payment, twenty-five-year installment plan. It is only necessary to pay one 4 per cent down payment to get a new federal building or post office in Your Town.

Although these strategems impose a legal and/or moral responsibility upon Congress for generations ahead to appropriate money for actual or contingent costs that arise, they are not listed as part of the federal debt.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Adrift on the Wave of the Future

It is a small gain—but a hitherto most obscure point was clarified by Mr. Eisenhower in his acceptance speech at San Francisco: the meaning of "dynamic conservatism." It may be that his recent assiduous reading of Eric Hoffer, Chester Bowles, and—it is rumored—Arthur Larson, has put him into a philosophical frame of mind. At any rate, for the first time, he has made clear the philosophical foundations of his position.

Dynamic conservatism, it turns out, is a brand-new streamlined sort of conservatism, founded neither on tradition and prescription nor on eternal principle, but on the Future. To be sure, Mr. Eisenhower spoke most favorably about principle and had some pretty sharp words to say about expediency. But he made it very clear that when *he* said principle, he did not mean anything old-fashioned or non-progressive, nothing in the nature of unchanging truths that remain true, however repugnant to the materialist temper of the times, however unfamiliar to a bribed and pampered electorate. No nonsense like that for the dynamic conservative. What is true is what works, what succeeds. Or, in the words of Henrik Ibsen, around which Mr. Eisenhower's entire speech was organized: "I hold that man is in the right who is most clearly in league with the future."

It rather puzzles me that Mr. Eisenhower—or his ghost writer—found it necessary to dig up a sentence from Ibsen, that fusty nineteenth-century prophet of the "expert," that contemner of tradition and enshrined principle, when either William James or John Dewey or Franklin Roosevelt could have provided him with the same thought in much more striking words. But be that as it may, the meaning is unmistakably clear.

Four years of power, four years of association with the bureaucracy of the Establishment, have transformed 1952's somewhat regretful and nostalgic acceptance of the basic structure of the Roosevelt revolution into what the commentators like to call "buoyant affirmation" of it. The Future, which is the source of all principle, as dynamic conservatism understands the word, is a Brave New World of ever-increasing material well-being and security. Astonishingly enough (one had thought Aldous Huxley's satire on this kind of scientistic Utopia had once and for all excised the phrase from serious discourse), Mr. Eisenhower uses the very words, "a brave and new and shining world" —where, it would seem, the human condition has been transformed into one vast pleasure park presided over by a benevolent government "with a warm sensitive concern for the everyday needs of people," and where the Old Adam has been finally cast out:

> Science and technology, labor-saving methods, management, labor organization, education, medicine—and not least [!], politics and government—all these have brought within our grasp a world in which back-breaking toil and longer hours will not be necessary.
>
> Travel all over the world, to learn to know our brothers abroad, will be fast and cheap. The fear and pain of crippling disease will be gradually reduced. The material things that make life interesting and pleasant will be available to everyone. Leisure, together with educational and recreational facilities, will be abundant, so that all can develop the life of the spirit, of reflection, of religion [the product of 'leisure, together with educational and recreational facilities'?], of the arts, of the full realization of the good things of the world. And political wisdom will assure justice and harmony.

In short, the millenium. And not just for the United States, but for the whole world. The Iron Curtain will melt under the warm influence of cultural interchange, and through all the world "privation, oppression, and a sense of injustice and despair" will disappear before the advance of our programs of economic aid.

I submit that this is *hubris*, a *hubris* based upon the scientistic and managerial cult of the Future, of Progress. It is dynamic enough, not to say demagogic. Undoubtedly it is the sort of thing that wins votes. But where is the conservatism? Where is there an inkling of recognition that men cannot successfully build the Tower of Babel? Where is the responsibility that rests upon those in positions of leadership, the responsibility to distinguish and define, to recall men to their true destiny?

Some of my best friends are Political Realists, and they would answer me now as they have answered me before: What do you expect? You have to win elections. They may be right in their implication; but I prefer to think that, given a clear choice between ignoble security in the state of slavery of the Brave New World and freedom in a society in which men solve their own problems, with misfortune a call for the exercise of the virtue of charity, not a signal for legal robbery by the state—that, given this alternative, and convinced that it is an alternative, that freedom and statist security cannot exist together, the American people would unhesitatingly vote for freedom.

But even if I am wrong, even if the rot has entered so deeply that truth can no longer prevail in the democratic political arena, it is the nobler course to resist the current in the name of principle than to win a "realist" victory at the cost of the progressive surrender of principle. Then, at least, in Richard Hooker's words: "Posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream."

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

"War and Peace"—Still by Tolstoy

War and Peace is still an overpowering novel and Hollywood is still Hollywood. The two have met, have taken from one another what was mutually available, and have parted altogether untouched by the event. This is not to say that *War and Peace,* produced and directed in VistaVision by King Vidor, is a bad film. It is actually one of the handsomest pictures ever released. But it has nothing to do with Tolstoy's monumental testimony to man's misery and courage in the grip of fate.

The film keeps moving for considerably more than three hours and, in every respect, outdoes all the photographed spectacles I can remember. Its makers deserve praise, not only for their shrewd generosity, but also for their restraint of showmanship. There is hardly a moment of tasteless pictorial intrusion on Tolstoy's concerns. There are breathtakingly beautiful shots of scenery, as for instance the frosty landscape of the duel—a haunting shred of a futile dream. Miss Audrey Hepburn, as usual, evokes thankfulness for the wonders of femininity, and most other actors are better than competent. In fact, I know of no entertainment currently purchasable that I could recommend with fewer reservations than this film. And having said that much, I beg to be excused for withdrawing into doubts and hesitations.

To begin with, *War and Peace* seems to shatter several accepted theories on movie-making—theories, one might add, that should not have been accepted in the first place. The little esthetic theory there is on the film has always, and axiomatically, contended that the film is an epic rather than a dramatic art, corresponding to the novel rather than the play. This contention, it seems to me, is no longer tenable, now that the movie-makers have undertaken to film two great novels (*War and Peace* and *Moby Dick*) with serious intent—and have seriously failed.

The test is so valid because, in both cases, the movie-makers have indeed done their honest best. Neither *War and Peace* nor *Moby Dick* has been violated for the sake of popular effect or even popular approval. In neither case have the producers been niggardly, or even unimaginative, in transforming language into physical images. In both cases the artistic ambition was as sincere as the desire to make money. With *War and Peace* and with *Moby Dick* the producers wanted to push their art one step nearer to literary respectability.

They failed for reasons not under their control. They failed, primarily, because the film is nowhere so much out of its depth as in the special cosmos of the great novel. Far from being akin to the novel, the film seems to develop a peculiar allergy to it. Why it should be so is quite clear, once one has recovered, amidst the suffocating pictorial inflation, a sense for the word.

The novel can rise to the height of *War and Peace* and *Moby Dick* precisely because one word can tell more than ten thousand pictures. Tolstoy (who was one of the world's clumsiest stylists) was so great and compassionate a spirit that *War and Peace* grew beyond the normal confines of human comprehension. The greatness of this novel is not, of course, in the kaleidescopic richness of its material or the shrewdness of its plot. Any literary craftsman can knit a cleverer plot, and any competent journalist can paint a richer canvas of observed facts. Tolstoy contributed only one dimension—but it was the decisive dimension by which this novel leaped into eternity: he added to facts and plot the magically revealing word of ultimate comprehension. So that the reader of *War and Peace,* ever so often, suddenly *sees through* the facts and the plot—and he sees not other facts and other plots but the essential truth of the human situation. It is a truth that cannot be shown with props, landscapes and emoting actors. It is the truth of the word.

As I said, why anybody should ever have thought that the realm of the moving picture is the novel, rather than the play, is quite incomprehensible. The advocates of this axiom, by the way, are demonstrably the same critics who have welcomed Olivier's filmed Shakespeare with special enthusiasm—not noticing that, thereby, they were getting themselves into serious theoretical trouble. For, if they were right in assuming that the film is tied to the epic dimensions of the novel, this affinity should have shown especially in confronting the new art of movie-making with the drama at its lustiest and most exuberant—with Shakespeare. And if the film could take to his world, it was of that world—not the novel's.

Now Shakespeare has been filmed, and Tolstoy and Melville. Now we should know more about the franchise and the affinities of the new art. And, it seems to me, the first fifty years of movie-making have established beyond reasonable doubt that the film is not an epic art. Whenever the movies have reached greatness, it has been in the sphere of emotion colliding with facts—in the sphere of the drama. My memory is crowded with images of human frailties and human orneriness, of laughter and pain, fondly remembered from old pictures that were pantomimic, emoting, dramatic. But I can't remember a single moment of recognition in the movies—not a single moment when conceptual truth gripped me, or the beauty of a thought, or the mystery of the word.

No harm is done, I guess, if movie producers discipline their often vulgar appetites by filming a great novel—no harm to the movies, that is, which may profit from even the most superficial encounter with creative minds. But it is sheer foolishness, and a precious foolishness to boot, to expect that King Vidor can translate Tolstoy. Olivier can, perhaps, succeed in producing Shakespeare because he will neither add nor omit nor translate; and so, just in serving faithfully, he might serve well. The director who assaults a great novel undertakes the impossible; he seeks to transform the word into a picture. But to succeed he would have to be the genius who alone can achieve the inconceivable. The great novel, in short, will have to be read. In the end as in the beginning is the word.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Man Next to You

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Robert Penn Warren's *Segregation: The Inner Conflict in the South* (Random House, $1.95), which was inspired—if that is the word—by the Supreme Court's decision in the segregation cases, is not a book of solutions. It endorses no plan either for integrating Negro and white in the schools or for slowing integration or evading it. Mr. Warren is a novelist, a believer in the concrete situation honestly set down. Life, to him, is not a matter for abstraction; it is something to be felt, seen, and listened to. What we get in this book is faces, grimaces, attitudinizing and honest questioning. Mr. Warren does not attempt to shift or to evaluate or to apply Gallup-poll percentaging to what he heard: all he does is to serve as an ear, a recording medium for the shagginess of conversation that is plainly nothing more than musing out loud.

The bulk of Mr. Warren's book is simply the South talking. "What's coming?" Mr. Warren kept asking people in Memphis and in New Orleans, in plantation offices in the Delta country and in Negro shacks in the clay hills. The answers varied from downrightness on both sides of the integration question to just plain evasion. "*What's coming?*" "The Negro has to be improved before integration. . . ." "The solution will be by absorption, the Negro will disappear . . ." "Lots of dead niggers round here, that's what's coming." "Do you know how many millions a year the Negroes spend up and down this street? You get the logic of that, don't you?" "A man can hate an idea, but know it's right." "If there could be just one gesture of graciousness from the white man. . . ." "I can't feel the same way about a Negro as a white person. It's born in me. But I pray I'll change." "There's only one question to ask, and that is what would Christ do." "It's human to be split-up."

So the conversations run on. It is hard to see what they all add up to, but as one listens to the murmurous voices it suddenly dawns on the reader that Mr. Warren is writing this book to push understanding in two directions. The book says one thing to Southern readers. It says something else to readers in the North.

What it says to the South is moral. The way Mr. Warren phrases his admonition is not offensive, for the Southerner whom he chooses to address is himself. The problem, he says to his image in the mirror, "is to learn to live with ourselves. I don't think you can live with yourself when you are humiliating the man next to you."

To the Northerner, Mr. Warren says something quite different. Looking across the Ohio River to the land of the Yankees, he talks in terms of sociology. Desegregation, he says, will not come soon, not until "enough people in a particular place, a particular county or state, cannot live with themselves any more." Mr. Warren admits to being a "gradualist," but not one who would create delay for the sake of delay. He is a gradualist because "gradualism is all you'll get." And he tells Northerners, inferentially, that if they try to force desegregation on regions that are not ready for it, they will only succeed in deflecting Southerners from their main job, which is to confront themselves in the mirror with that question about humiliating the man next to you.

Mr. Warren is for desegregation. But he is afraid of the "power state," and it troubles him to see anything forced with a club. He is also afraid of people who get self-righteous about their righteousness. He talks about the "lines of fracture" that exist within Southerners, the "moral rub," the "anger at the irremediable self-division." But it is quite apparent that he resents being told about the "lines of fracture" and the "moral rub" by Yankees. He mentions one damning fact: in the days when federal bayonets supported the black Reconstruction state governments in the South, *not a single Negro held elective office in any Northern State.*

Since I am a Northerner, and Mr. Warren is addressing me sociologically, it would hardly achieve anything if I were to oppose the constitutionality of his States' Rights with the equal and opposite constitutionality of words about "equality before the law" and "the privileges and immunities of the citizens" being equal. True, it seems to me totally at variance with the spirit of the Constitution to tax a Negro to pay for publicly owned property (such as schools) and then deny him the equal use of such property. (Mencken was right when he flayed the Baltimore city fathers for holding tennis tournaments for whites only in public parks supported by everyone.) But it is not for me, a Yankee, to try to cram my libertarian feelings down Mr. Warren's throat. Besides, he knows just as well as I do that you can't have one law for Joe and another for Jim and make it stick forever.

And I, for my part, know just as well as Mr. Warren that the "power state," even the power state devoted for the moment to righteousness, is something to be feared. Like Mr. Warren, I prefer to see equality before the law enforced by local officials locally elected. I wince when I hear a certain type of Southerner talk disparagingly about the Negro race in general. But I also wince—and wince

harder—at the prospect of seeing the bright arterial blood flow, which is what will surely happen if the "federals" undertake the job of forcing morality on any region.

So, accepting Mr. Warren's sociology, I must praise his book. It is an honest job by a man who is beyond the hypocrisy that is usually evoked by his subject.

Challenge to Action

Competitive Coexistence: The New Soviet Challenge, by Rodney Gilbert. A Free Enterprise Publication distributed by The Bookmailer, New York. 182 pp. $3.00

Rodney Gilbert, whose deep-seeing weekly essays in the *New York Herald Tribune* in the late 1940's over the signature "Heptisax" many of us remember nostalgically, calls this little book a "tantrum." He does have in abundance what seems to be sadly lacking in America nowadays: a robust capacity for indignation against evil and connivers with evil. But the anger derives not alone from hatred of tyrants and cynics and fools, but from compassion for their victims and victims-to-be, which is ourselves. And the whole of the book, despite its unorthodox vigor of expression, is grounded on precise knowledge and common sense.

The slogan of "peaceful coexistence," raised by the Kremlin while Stalin was still boss, has been gradually displaced by "competitive coexistence." Our pundits and politicians tend to confound the two, but there is an immense difference. "*Peaceful* coexistence" was a straight lie, in that it implied a cessation of the forty-year struggle that came in its recent stages to be called cold war. "*Competitive* coexistence" is more honest. It promises, as this book clearly documents, relentless continuation of the struggle until the Communists attain total victory. Rodney Gilbert—correctly, in my opinion—regards it as a renewed and intensified "Red challenge to cold war for survival or extinction." Now as in the past, the Kremlin relies for victory on political and psychological weapons. Soviet development of formidable war-making vitality is not an indication of plans for frontal aggressions. It is primarily defensive, anticipating the possibility that what remains of the free world may at some point recognize its coming doom and strike in desperation. Meanwhile the calculated "propagation of fear" in the non-Soviet world, the "atomic jitters" now prevailing, provide the Communists with a made-to-order climate for political blackmail in which their methods-short-of-war are maximally effective.

More forthrightly than any recent book that has come to my attention, this volume argues for a clear and immutable American commitment to destroy Communism—not to contain it or tame it but to annihilate it: a commitment, in short, as unambiguous and as total as the Communist goal of destroying our civilization. We must, the author shows, "accept the Red challenge to a psycho-economic fight to the finish and get busy with our counter-offensive."

Perhaps Mr. Gilbert's most valuable contribution is his analysis of conditions and forces within the Soviet sphere, revealing its immense vulnerability to political pressures, if and when we decide to use them without inhibitions. Having spent some twenty years in China, he is especially persuasive in dealing with the Asian sector of the Communist world. A genuine counter-offensive, he is convinced, should begin on "the Far Eastern front." "Red gangsterism, masquerading as the People's Central Government of the People's Republic of China," he writes, "not only can be destroyed from within but will be destroyed from within, and in a relatively short time."

Aside from his flash of optimism with regard to China, Mr. Gilbert is far from sanguine about the state of affairs. The Communist challenge is not being recognized, precisely because recognition would dictate action, which the free world seeks to evade. He sees little reason to expect "anything like a manly response" to the challenge of competitive coexistence "by the government of the United States or by its two-faced allies, to whose political sensibilities we have been paying such costly deference."

I hope this book gets the wide readership it deserves, especially among anti-Communists. It can be a powerful weapon in their hands.

EUGENE LYONS

Never the Twain . . .

The Destiny of the Mind: East and West, by William S. Haas. 327 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.50

Every American or European who has studied an Oriental culture will recognize with some astonishment that this book is, in a sense, based on his own private experience.

He will remember that he began his own studies with a strong and almost romantic enthusiasm; for no less is required to surmount the formidable linguistic barriers that confront the beginner. He will remember the serene joy of the halcyon days in which his studies seemed to bring him ever nearer to a fundamental unity of mankind underlying the diversity of regional cultures. But he will also remember the day on which he had to admit to himself that what he had mistaken for underlying unity was but a mirage or superficial analogies. He realized at last that he was confronted by the operations of a mentality ineluctably alien to his own—that his best efforts to understand a specifically Oriental doctrine (e.g., Vedantic *karman*) could end only in a masquerade of ideas, a fiction as remote from the Oriental reality as a performance of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*.

At this point most Orientalists either turn to another field of sudy or resign themselves to the limitations of positivistic scholarship (which is content to describe what it does not understand). But Professor Haas made his dilemma the subject of his further study.

By persevering analysis and copious

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illustration, Haas identifies two generically different mentalities. The Occidental mind, which appears fully formed in the earliest Greek philosophy, is the mind of conceptual thought—of thought directed from the mind toward an object. The Oriental mind, which appears fully formed in the earliest *Upanishads*, does not think conceptually; for its thought is never directed away from the subject (i.e., the consciousness in which the thought is formed). Properly speaking, therefore, just as the West is *necessarily* philosophical, the East has no philosophy at all. Instead, it has the mental conformation for which the author coins the term *philousia*.

It also follows that there is no mysticism in Oriental thinking. Mysticism is the term by which the philosophical mind designates what is for it a leap over the logical steps of conceptual thinking; and it therefore misrepresents a mental operation which does not use conceptual terms and in which there is no leap. Philosophy and philousia are mutually exclusive. The Western mind cannot really understand the Eastern without disowning itself. And not even then, unless it loses its capacity for conceptual thought.

East and West do not, together, form the whole of mankind. Between them lie the major cultures of the Middle East, in which the author admits that he can discern no fixed intellectual structure. There are also peoples who are outside the high civilizations. At the present time, indeed, both East and West are retreating before the vast barbarism of Soviet Russia, which both philosophy and philousia must regard as subhuman.

For Haas, this classification of cultures according to demonstrable intellectual structure is the basis for a new philosophy of history—one which, incidentally, reaffirms the essential unity of the Western tradition. He is not concerned with laws of development or prophecies. He notes, indeed, that the present tendency to regard civilization as applied science is a tendency toward egalitarianism, despotism, and the repudiation of philosophy. But history, in his conception, leaves us free to decide whether or not we shall revert to savagery.

REVILO OLIVER

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

A Literary Chronicle: 1920-1950, by Edmund Wilson. 442 pp. New York: Doubleday Anchor Books. $1.25

After thirty-five years of journalism, Edmund Wilson is still the most honest and intelligent reader in the United States who regularly commits his gusto, perverseness, and—sometimes—boners to print. His relish and frequently bearish temper have even survived the suavely smug columns of the *New Yorker*. In this sampler of some four dozen of his pieces, he ranges from discussions of *Finnegans Wake* to John O'Hara to detective stories to Jane Austen. Throughout, his appetite remains hearty, masculine, shrewd, self-cultivated. Plainly he loves books very much, and spends most of his time with them, but as anyone will find who sniffs his pages, there is never the least smell of the lamp in the air when he writes about them.

I Take Great Pleasure, by Cecil Beaton. 214 pp. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50

Having achieved a substantial *reclame* as photographer to three generations of British royalty, Mr. Cecil Beaton was persuaded to sally through suburban America and tell all the girls what fun it was to be Cecil. Well, my dear, by his own account they just adored him, and now he has been persuaded to write a book to tell the rest of us what fun it was to be adored. Cynical lecture-agents may get a grim chuckle here and there, and Mr. B's illustrious friends will get their usual bang out of being flossily plugged. But some of those Ladies Club presidents throughout the land are going to blanch when they see how very un-chic they looked to the little birdie who lives in their hero's lens. Any plans for a second lecture tour had better wait for a season or two.

Baby Doll, by Tennessee Williams. 208 pp. New York: New Directions. $3.00

In barely two generations, the school of American writing called Southern Gothic has shrunk from the monstrous majesty of Faulkner to its grotesque parody in Truman Capote. Now, with the help of Tennessee Williams, the whole formula of hysteria and decay is coming to the silver screen. The ingredients in *Baby Doll* include a lush, twenty-year-old virgin who still sleeps in a crib, her nominal husband, a horny Sicilian immigrant, a crumbling Mississippi mansion, a demented aunt who visits dying relatives in order to eat their chocolate bon-bons; and then, for an adequately lunatic climax, Baby Doll and her seducer hiding out in a tree, while her drunk and cuckold husband-in-name-only prowls ferociously t h r o u g h the grounds, firing a shotgun at random and finally hitting the old aunt, who expires croaking "Rock of Ages" while the wind rises and the police siren in. Tricks, tricks, tricks; and not a shred of honest feeling, except maybe in an unspoken sympathy on the author's part for the seducer.

Mysteries of the North Pole, by Robert de la Croix. Translated from the French by Edward Fitzgerald. 251 pp. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50

Over the past century many polar expeditions have set out, and Robert de la Croix has here retold the haunting stories of four of the most ambitious. By sailing ship, balloon, steamer, and dirigible, they all headed north. Of course each had a practical purpose: to find a northwest passage, or sealskins, or the magnetic pole. But this was only to satisfy the backers. The truth was less simple. For there is something absolutely pure about the idea of the North. Men are drawn there as they are never drawn to jungles, or deserts, or even sea depths, where gold and oil and people may be waiting to be discovered. The North promises nothing but terrible odds. Faced in this austere direction, the act of seeking becomes as gratuitous as it does in mountain-climbing, the difference being that here the mountain is an entire hemisphere of the earth itself, and the top an almost abstract point visible only to a compass and the human imagination.

(Reviewed by Robert Phelps)

THE RED OPIUM CONSPIRACY

(*Continued from p. 10*)

chaser, the amount bought, the proposed destination and, finally, for the signatures of no fewer than four official functionaries, from the district magistrate down to the counter man.

The most interesting document reproduced is one from East Chahar (a Mongol border area northeast of Peiping), which also happens to have the same date—July 9, 1945—though issued hundreds of miles away across Japanese-held territory. This is so because this date marked the beginning of the harvest of poppies planted in the early spring. The document is a notice addressed to the Communist Party agencies and "cadres." It reads:

> NOTICE. . . . The Agrarian Revolution is at present the task of our whole Party. Therefore it calls for the whole Party's effort. Meanwhile the farming seasons should also be considered. . . . Opium harvesting time is at hand. *As opium is the most decisive factor in the people's livelihood and in government finance,* each poppy growing district must organize the Party cadres responsible for investigations, recruiting harvesting gangs and making continuous attacks on the enemy so as to cover the mass harvesting operations.

The notice is signed by the Commissioner of Agriculture, East Chahar Province.

Now all this should have been known to the American correspondents at the time when Mao's Communists were getting the most favorable sort of publicity in this country, and when Chiang Kai-shek was being feverishly smeared, not only by the press but by the State Department's very well informed foreign service men attached to General Stilwell's staff. There is therefore nothing in this recital that could not and should not have been known to the American people. The fact that nothing was known (with the result that many persons are now incredulous when told of Red China's present huge contribution to the international dope traffic) is due to a conspiracy of silence.

The State Department boys who were party to it are out. One of the journalistic conspirators is currently in Red China editing anti-American propaganda. Others are now executives and editors of responsible newspapers and magazines in this country. Names could be named. But what good would that do?

The boss is "taking the night off"

. . . relaxing his way to tomorrow's meeting—by Pullman!

"Yes, he's all packed up—with somewhere *important* to go. And he's particular how he gets there! After a day crowded with pressures and problems, he wants to feel rested and relaxed for tomorrow's meeting. So he is checking into a quiet, comfortable *hotel on wheels*—where he can shed fatigue and tension as he travels. He can forget highway traffic, cloudy skies—all the uncertainties of ordinary travel. He is going the *sure* way—by Pullman!"

EASE UP! Here's real privacy—an opportunity to really relax, rest, "unwind". Then to untroubled sleep, in a snow-white, king-size bed!

How about you? If you want to enjoy an overnight vacation from worries and tension, travel by Pullman. Enjoy complete privacy. Air-conditioned comfort. Perfect service. Your choice of hot-cooked meals when you want them. On-time arrival in the heart of town. Pullman . . . America's finest, safest, surest, most comfortable form of travel!

EASE UP! You'll arrive at your destination relaxed, refreshed . . . with a "rent-a-car" waiting, if you choose. Pullman will arrange the details!

You're safe and sure when you travel by Pullman

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To the Editor

Status of Forces

Finis Farr's "Letter to the Editor" [September 1] about the Status of Forces agreements was very good, but he omitted one of the most important considerations. In addition to being morally reprehensible, the agreements are flatly unconstitutional, because under them an American citizen can be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. In handing a man over to a foreign jurisdiction for trial, he is stripped of his constitutional protections, and that is forbidden except in punishment of a crime of which he has *already* been convicted.

The worst of it is that this can be done to a citizen without his having anything to say about it. He can be drafted, sent to another country, accused of a crime against the laws of that country . . . [where] the mere accusation is sufficient to accomplish the loss of his constitutional rights. . . .

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

Finis Farr's letter . . . strikes me as correct.

Every man in the armed forces has sworn to obey the orders of his superior. Some have done it voluntarily and some have been drafted. But all have surrendered their freedom of choice for a period of time to the government of the United States. And they all know that refusal to obey orders can result in death. It seems obvious that the institution which holds the life and liberty of a man entirely in its own hands is solely and entirely responsible for the man. . . .

Pelham, N.Y. ARTHUR EGAN

Conservative Voters

This is in reply to Mildred Willis Harris' rebuttal [August 25] of my letter published in the August 11 issue. In it she states: "If the 33 million conservatives who didn't get the change they voted for in '52 decide to stay home in '56, the popularity of . . . Eisenhower will be subjected to some agonizing reappraisals."

First of all, according to official election returns from 1952, President Eisenhower received a total popular vote of only 33,936,252. It is preposterous wishful thinking to assume that 33,000,000 of these votes were cast by voters with conservative leanings. As much as we would like this to be true, let us not overestimate the popularity of our cause.

Secondly, I sincerely ask, what good will it do the conservative cause to sit out the election of 1956? . . . The only thing this will accomplish is to insure the election of Messrs. Adlai and Estes . . .

Frederick, Md. JOHN E. WILLSON

"Capital G"

Thank you and "Thank God" for your editorial "Capital G" [September 1] . . . The Board of Education of the City of New York does not want to go on the record that there is a God, only that if you want to believe in God, do so in privacy and preferably at home.

New York City BILL VISSARIS

Likes "The Week"

. . . "The Week" is a clear and well intended presentation of news highlights. You no doubt bring tears to the eyes of those who have abused the wonderful name of Liberal.

New York City JAMES O'CONNOR

New Cabinet Post

Unusual wisdom is evident in the consideration now being given to the creation of a new cabinet office in government. The new post, that of Secretary of Entertainment, can best be filled by Terry Carpenter of Terrytown, Nebraska.

When the Roman Empire sat half astride the world in the fourth century, even as the U.S. does today, Rome gave the people bread and circuses. We the common people have a surplus of bread but no circus balancing our own personal budgets. Is it not the God-given right of the people to have government provide out of taxes the circus as well as the bread? In that way the people can be so entertained with fairy stories of endless prosperity calculated in rotting dollars, that the barbarians at the gates can take our freedom without resistance.

In the words of the late Felix Somary, Zurich banker and economist: "Crises come precisely when—and because—the mass of men will not believe in them."

Palisade, Nebr. DEAN KROTTER

"You Name It . . ."

Adlai Stevenson must have read and approved your "short version" of the Democratic platform [September 1], particularly Point 3: "You name it, we promise it." For on August 27 he told a Santa Fe audience his campaign was "open to the ideas of anyone who wants to make a suggestion for the new America which we all want."

Fort Lee, N.J. VICTOR F. MORRIS

Pardon Our French!

I enjoy reading NATIONAL REVIEW for its striking analyses of events and persons involved. But please—if you quote a French proverb have someone check it! In your September 1 issue, on page 10, you have *"les temps perdu"* . . . It should be *"le temps perdu,"* as *temps* is always written in a plural form. . . . just a spot on the sun!

New York City JOSEPH LAMONTAGNE

He Was There

The Ukranian Division which fought alongside the Germans on the Eastern front surrendered to the American Army in Austria and not the British Army, as stated in "Bait for the Homesick" [August 18]. I was present and acted as interpreter for General Dager of the Third Army's 11th Armored Division.

New York City FRANCIS KURT

States Rights

It has heartened independents all over America to find that their point of view is largely expressed by NATIONAL REVIEW. Your treatment of the States Rights and of other issues vital to a continuance of constitutional government has been excellent. . . .

Gaylord, Va. JAMES M. THOMSON

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*Kennametal is the registered trademark of a series of hard carbide alloys of tungsten, tungsten-titanium and tantalum, for tooling in the metalworking, mining and woodworking industries and for wear parts in machines and process equipment. Kennametal is being used advantageously in practically every industry.

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